DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

THE BEST
Photoplay Department in
WASHINGTON

PHOTOPLAYS AND PHOTOPLAYERS

By GARDNER MACK.

LITTLE MARIE ELINE, known throughout the country as the "Thanhouser Kid," who has been selected to play Little Eva in the film version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

How to Establish an Inquest Club for Aspiring Photo Playwrights

The progress of the moving picture industry has developed a new branch of literature. As has been stated in this column several times, scenario writing is as dignified an occupation as writing any other sort of story or play, and requires as much ability and a certain amount of training. The tremendous circulation that the writer of a scenario gets for his work is far greater than the average fiction writer obtains, no matter how popular he might be. And it is also considerably greater than that of the average playwright. There is, therefore, a heavier responsibility laid upon the scenario writer than on either of the other literary workmen, and he should approach his task with greater care. A successful novelist, on being asked the formula for success in writing, stated that the person who would win fame and fortune must first write what he thought, put the writing away, read it over a year or two later and then burn it up. This meant that the writer should let his work get cold and go over it when the creative spell had passed.

Something of the same sort applies to scenario writing.

The scenarios written in the heat of the creative moment should be permitted to lie hidden away until the writer can approach them with careful judgment as to their worth. It isn't always possible to do this in this age of short cuts to everything, however. And Epes Winthrop Sargent, the well-known authority on scenarios, has hit upon a scheme which has the same effect. He calls his scheme an Inquest Club, and instead of allowing scenarios to lie hidden, the writer brings them out, and reads them to others of his ilk who have been similarly afflicted, and "inquests" are held to determine just what is the matter with them—if there is anything the matter. The idea seems to be a very good one, especially in cities where the itch to write scenarios has become epidemic—like Washington. There are numbers of embryo scenario writers in this city who would probably receive much help from such a club. For the benefit of those who would profit by Mr. Sargent's suggestion, we give it in his own words:

"We want to see the coming season end with an Inquest Circle in every photoplay writing center in the country. Most of those already established have done great good in bringing the isolated writers together and getting them into the atmosphere of the work, and we want to see more of them established.

"But we want to see them conducted on the lines of the Inquest Club of New York City, and not along the cut and dried lines, for we believe that the rules laid down make for best and most permanent organization. Many of local coroners have started out to pattern their organizations on the lines of the usual literary club, and this defeats the end of the club. The rules are very simple.

Some competent person undertakes to gather about himself or herself the other writers of a city for the purpose of study and discussion. Each can help the other without losing any personal advantage, and already the circles in Pittsburgh, Baltimore, New Orleans and elsewhere have done much to develop writers into sellers.

"If you want to start an inquest circle in your city write in. In the fall the various circles will be advertised at least once a month and an effort made to keep in intimate touch with them."

Behind the Screen

Mat Wells, who has been a prominent member of the Frontier Company, has enrolled with Sterling Films.

"Satan's Rhapsody" is the unique title of a new, splendid, and costly film soon to be released by George Kleine. The story features the famous actress, Lydia Borelli, whose sensational work in "The Naked Truth," now playing at the Candler Theater, New York, proved a revelation to picture fans.

"Business vs. Love" is a timely one-reel feature in which Vivian Rich and William Garwood play opposite in a domestic drama. The husband is absorbed in his business interests, and the wife is pining away for love and devotion she craves but does not receive. Release July 22.

An interesting series of pictures in the Mutual Weekly, No. 79, is the launching and christening of the trans-Atlantic flyer, "America," in which Lieut. John Cyril Porte, of the British royal navy, expects to fly across the Atlantic Ocean.

"The Ranger's Reward" is a Frontier drama soon to be released that has a surprising ending, and one that should take audiences quite unawares.

WHAT THEY'RE SHOWING IN WASHINGTON.

TODAY.

Francis X. Bushman in "One Wonderful Night," Crandall's, Ninth and E streets.

"The Messenger of Death," Central Park, Ninth, near G street.

"In Defiance of the Law," Olympic Park, Fourteenth and V streets.

"The Creation," the Belasco, Lafayette square.

TOMORROW.

"Les Miserables," Olympic Park, Fourteenth and V streets.

Mary Pickford in "The Old Actor," the Olympic Theater, 1431 U street.

"An Eleventh Hour Reformation," Central Park, Ninth near G street.

"When Women Love," Crandall's, Ninth and E streets.

"The Creation," the Belasco, Lafayette Square.

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of $10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

"You mean the darkened lids and all," said Mary.

POSING FOR A PICTURE.
XXXI.

"I'M going to have my picture taken," announced Mary at breakfast.

I nodded sympathetic accord.

"That's great," I said. "You haven't had any really good pictures taken for some time."

"Not since the flashlight on our wedding night," said Mary. And that really wasn't so terribly good, for the eyes were just like little black shiny beads."

Women love to be photographed. I take it. I wonder what difference it would make in a directory of photographers if a law were passed limiting pictorial service of this sort to men. Ned Cary says that all the camera men in the world would fail for lack of patronage.

Mary was delighted and excited at the idea of having some new pictures, and, dutifully enough, I went with her.

She was an unconscionable time preparing, and the photographer had begun to whistle plaintively and drum upon the camera with his finger tips when at last she appeared.

I gasped. Mary was more elaborately "made up" than the cheapest actress in the cheapest vaudeville house in the universe. The lids of her eyes were heavily blued, her under lips were pencilled, there were long dark lines at the corners of her eyes, her mouth was a hard sophisticated Cupid's bow, and her face an indescribable melee of white and scarlet. It may have been very fascinating with the softening glare of footlights to help—but there in the tense white light of the studio—it was most horrible. The photographer looked thunderstruck.

"Great Scott, Mary," I exclaimed, "why in the world did you don all the war paint?"

"Well," said she, looking very arch and incidentally, horribly sophisticated through her darkened lids, "I've been told that all great actresses make up dreadfully (dreadfully, incidentally, was right, though I deplore the frequency with which Mary draws upon the words "terrible, dreadfully and awfully" in her conversation) to have their pictures taken. "It's really the only way," she exclaimed brightly, "that one can obtain a really good picture. For instance, Peter, my brows and lashes are brown, and to get a really effective picture—they must be darkened."

Now, Marshall, the photographer, has had considerable photographical experience with actresses. He sighed.

"If you want to have your picture taken that way," said he with delicate reference to that war paint, "I'll do it, of course—but—"

He looked appealingly at me, for Mary had stiffened.

"You see, he explained civilly, "these theatrical women come in here loaded up with paint. But it isn't because of it they get a good picture—it's in spite of it. Every bit of it has eventually to be blocked out of the negative before we can print the picture."

"You mean the darkened lids and all?" demanded Mary, coldly.

"Yes," said the photographer. "The proofs of a picture, taken just as you are now would horrify you inexpressibly."

Mary rustled indignantly away and washed her face.

"The whole truth of the matter, Mr. Hunt," confided the photographer, wheeling great white screens about cunningly to dispose the light, "is that most women are not looking for an actual likeness. They want a good picture, and that's a vastly different thing. If it flatters—if the pose is effective— that, in their viewpoint, is an excellent picture.

"I've seen women carry off pictures that were utterly unlike them, purely because they flattered. It's what they want to be like.

The really artistic picture shows the age—line for line—development, character, all the gains many may have made at the expense of smoothness of skin. But a woman doesn't want that sort of picture. She wants every character line erased, no matter what a smooth, beautiful unfaithful, characterless likeness results."

PETS OR BABIES?
XXXII.

"Isn't he cunning?" cried Mary.

I glanced at the horrid pampered little Pomeranian Mrs. Ascot was holding in her lap, and politely assented. I made a mental reservation for the good of my soul.

We were calling on the Ascots that evening, and had been duly introduced to this horrible, exotic little tyrant who fills the place of a child in Mrs. Ascot's somewhat fevered existence.

I can't for the life of me see what women find to like in these beastly little canine rats. I learned much of the habits of this particular one in our evening with Mrs. Ascot.

"He's so clever!" exclaimed Mrs. Ascot, with enthusiasm. "Do you know, in the morning when the maid opens the door he fairly flies up the stairs to me and jumps in bed. And when I cover him up the elderdown comfortable he rolls up in the most beautiful, fluffy little ball and goes sound asleep."

Hygienic, isn't it? I had a shudder down my backbone. I can't for the life of me understand such an attitude. A woman, daintily clad, fastidious, esthetic, will shudder if a dirty beggar brushes her skirt ever so lightly, but she'll permit an animal with unsanitary, germ-laden hair to curl up in a comfortable ball in the elderdown comfortable that covers her. Another marvel of inconsistence!

I thought, of course, that Mary shared my opinion of the unspeakable little canine, whose spoiled yap for attention had punctuated our evening.

"Wasn't he a dear, Peter?" inquired Mary on the way home.

"Who?" said I rebelliously. "Mr. Ascot?"

"Mr. Ascot, indeed!" sniffed Mary unhumorously. "Certainly not. I meant Tiny Tim, the pomeranian."

"Lord Almighty, Mary," I exclaimed, "I think it's positively revolting to see a grown woman act like a fool over such an animal as that. She'd much better be fondling a baby."

"Peter," said Mary, indignantly, "don't be coarse!"

"Coarse," I exclaimed, a little shocked. "I had no intention whatever of being coarse. I mean it. Whenever I see a woman fondling a beast like that I lose respect for her. She's wasting, in a horrible way, a lot of maternal energy. Wouldn't you rather see the wonderful mother light in a woman's eyes over a baby than over such a disgusting little brute as Tiny Tim!"

"Peter," said Mary, primarily, "you do say the most indelicate things. Mrs. Ascot hasn't a baby, and she doesn't like them."

"Doesn't like them!" I exclaimed heatedly. "And still she likes that hirsute bunch of rags!"

"It's different," said Mary haughtily. "A baby and Pomeranian are certainly different," I admitted, "and the advantage lies heavily with the baby. I hope Mrs. Ascot will have a baby some day and chloroform the Pomeranian."

Mary frowned.

"Peter," she said primly, "I see no reason why we should be vulgar or indelicate."

Now, Mary, I fear is a prude. I've run aground on the shoals of propriety before.

Tonight, somehow, it nettled me.

"Mary," I said, "the sooner you learn that mention of the big salient facts of the universe is not indelicate the nearer you'll be to a wholesome broadening of your mind. Women have babies, and it's a fine, true, holy fact. We ought to be glad of it, and not ashamed. Prudiness doesn't conduce to dignity of any kind. There's a great difference between licentious conversation and facing reverently the facts of life."

Prudish women make me tired.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

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She rests them lightly on the top of her parasol as if it were a staff, lets one knee sink in ever so little, throws her head so as to give the correct angle to that fetching bonnet, and—smiles.

Her attitude is almost a recipe for a sweet disposition.

The white dress of very open work toweling worn is very simply made—the pattern may be had from any fashion book, but the charm lies not in the simplicity alone, but in the color scheme. Parasol, girdle, bandings at the neck and cuffs, and the hat trimmings are of pussy willow silk in a rich orange shade.

Although so severe as to give a distinctively tailored appearance, the brilliant color combination makes this costume as elaborate and as fitting for formal afternoon wear as any beruffled styles.

Many of the hats decorated in orange rosettes and lined underneath with orange have been overlooked in the milliner's shops. I verily believe it is because no woman knew how to wear one of them, or realized that a charming and attractive costume could be evolved at little expense. The simple band on the neck of the dress and at the cuffs is as easy to remove as a separate collar, the girdle is not attached to the dress, so that the white costume can be used for other occasions.

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(Photo by Fashion Camera Co., of New York.)

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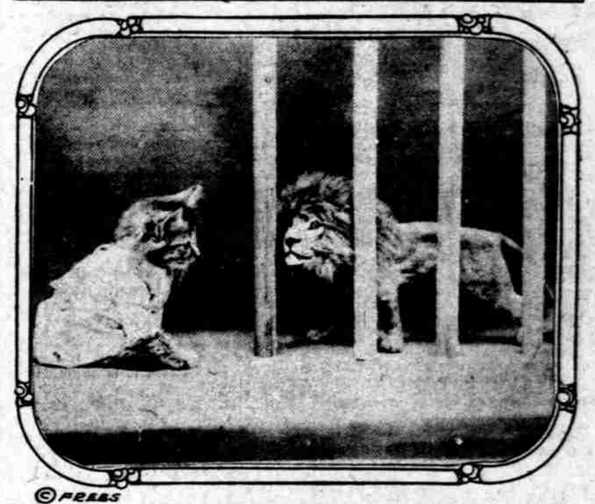

TOM TABBY SAVES THE FAMILY.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

THIS story is about Tom Tabby and the lion that you see in the picture, but it is going to begin with Mrs. Tabby. She stood at the door and with her bonnet and shawl on and looked down the road.

"I don't see how I can bear to ask for help," she said, "but I must do it just for this one time." She set her mouth very tight down, and wiped off her glasses, and started down the road.

Times got hard in Tabbyland, just like any other place, and sometimes the animals were pressed for food. This was one of those times, and Mrs. Tabby had started out to ask the old cocker spaniel who kept the little shop down the road to let her buy some groceries on credit. She had just enough for one more meal, but no money to buy food for the next day.

"If he doesn't help me," she said to herself, as she hurried along, "these children will have to hunt for their food. And it will be the first time since they came to Tabbyland." She walked swiftly, and soon she was at the shop. But who was that standing on the outside peeking in, with his nose pressed flat against the pane?

It was Tommy Tabby, and he had troubles of his own. Inside of that shop was a wonderful toy lion which he could not even see, and he wanted it above everything else in Tabbland. As his mother came up a big tear ran out of one eye. He wiped it away just in time.

"Oh, mother; take me in with you," he begged. "There is something in there that all of the other fellows want. No one has seen it, but we have all heard about it. I'll be good, and won't touch a thing." Mrs. Tabby smiled and took him by the hand.

Once inside he went straight to the toy lion, he thought it was the most wonderful thing he had ever seen, and was so interested in it that he did not hear what his mother was saying to the cocker spaniel who kept the shop.

"Can't you let me have just enough for one day, she asked. "I will pay for it later. Surely something will turn up before long." But the old dog shook his head and his long ears flapped. "I don't mean to be stingy, Mrs. Tabby," he said "but I must have cash. I can't do anything else, times are hard. Mrs. Tabby bit her lip to keep back the tears and just then Tommy came up. The old spaniel cleared his throat. My place is all choked up with silly toys and I can't get in many groceries" he said, to change the subject. "That old mangy lion" he growled, "I wish someone would take it away for me."

Tommy held his breath, and pulled at his mother's skirt—"Oh let me have it please mother dear," he coaxed. "I would so love to own it. I will take it quite away and won't let it stay near the house." Mrs. Tabby paused. "Well" she said, Mr. Rags (that was the name of the cocker spaniel, "if you want you may give it to this small boy," and before Tommy could get his breath, the toy was his.

Mr. Rags bundled it out of the shop for him, and Tommy shoved it down the road. No one saw him, and it was safe inside the shed back of the house inside of no time. Tommy sat on the floor and looked at it just as you see him doing in the picture. "Now" he thought shall I sell it or—I know, I'll show it off for a penny a look."

All that afternoon, Mrs. Tabby wondered at the stream of people going down to the shed. "I can't understand Tommy," she said to herself as she rocked on the porch. "What he wanted with that mangy lion is beyond me. But if it pleased him, I'm glad he has it. I only wish that I could give him better things." She sighed, and began to knit and wonder where the meals for the next day would come from.

"I must tell them tonight," she thought, "that they must go out and hunt for their dinner. "If I only had a little change to help me through tomorrow I might get along—I can hardly bear to let the children know, how poor we really are just now.

At supper time she could not coax Tommy away from the barn, and he came in after all of the supper things were cleared away. Mrs. Tabby had told the others, so when Tom came at last, she took him out on the porch and held him on her lap. "Tom," she said, gravely, "I have some very bad news for you." Then she told him.

Tommy looked up into her face and grinned the strangest grin. "Will you ever be serious, Tommy," she said. "Don't you know what no money means?" Tommy just grinned again, and moved slightly. Jingle, jingle. Something chinked in his pockets.

Mrs. Tabby looked at him, and put her hand in the pocket that he held open. "Tom Tabby, where did you get all that?" she gasped, for his pockets were full of pennies and nickels and dimes.

"The greatest show on earth," he whispered in her ear; "one mangy lion that I got for nothing." He looked to see his mother laugh, but she only gathered him tighter than ever, and began to cry!

But Tommy knew that they were happy tears, and while he waited for them to stop, he softly unwound her arms and dumped the coins in her lap.

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